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The Kaimin, June 1909

Students of the University of Montana

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THE KAIMIN

JUNE, 1909

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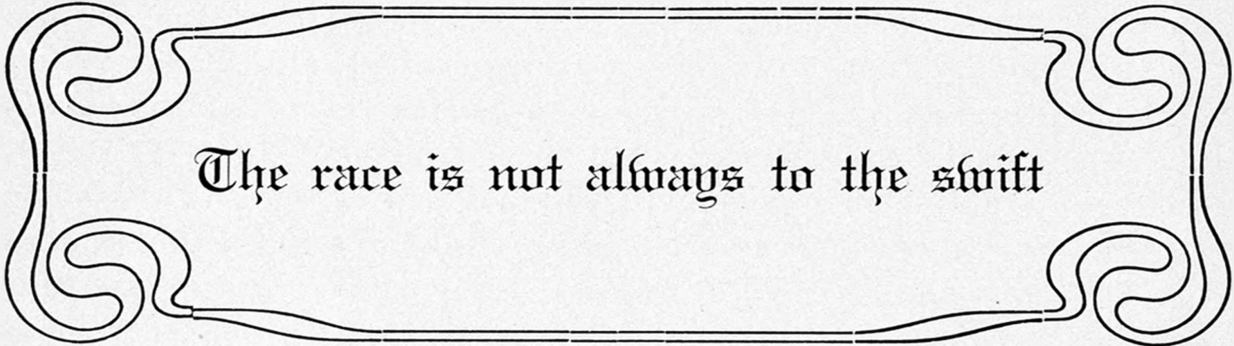
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J. M. KEITH, *Vice President*

E. A. NEWLON, *Cashier.*

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A decorative border consisting of a central rectangular frame with rounded corners, embellished with symmetrical scrollwork and flourishes at each corner.

The race is not always to the swift

THE KAIMIN

Published Every Month During the College Year by the Students of the
University of Montana.

VOL. XII.

JUNE, 1909

No. 8

President's Address

It was about the dawn of the twentieth century when the class of 1909 took root from a nucleus of thirty-eight boys and girls, unacquainted with the ways of college life. In the year 1904 we crossed the threshold, either from the preparatory department or various high schools, and entered into the most tender year of college, choosing as our leader Mr. Allen Toole, now a student in Cornell. Thus the foundation of this wonderful production was carefully moulded together as is always necessary for a great superstructure of this kind.

Owing to the necessity of making the very best grades and having that conscious feeling which is common to all Freshmen, that we must work all the time, we were compelled to turn from the more luxurious path and attend to the studies of tomorrow. No one can fully appreciate the vast amount of systematic and conscientious work we have done, nor the midnight oil we have burned in cramming, to make up some forgotten pages of Latin, or to prove the Pythagorean theorem in Mathematics. It is doubtful whether the Muses themselves would be able to recount the numerous hours spent in devising some trick to play on the upperclassmen, or in listening to some lecture while a football game is whirling about in our minds.

In the following year we became so attached to our president that he, like all great presidents, was asked to serve his second term. During our Sophomore year we were not totally unheard of, but were able to keep within the walls of the office.

Our third year in college seems to be but yesterday, when we recall those pleasant memories. You undoubtedly recollect the Fourth of July celebration given in this hall, and the big vacation

which was granted to some of the members of our class. One would naturally imagine that under such a good leader as Mr. Van Eman, things of this sort could not possibly happen, but strange to say, even Van was on the verge of being called unruly.

But it was left to this year for us to pose before the ever trusting Freshmen as the ideal of sobriety and the personification of dignity. We little wonder that some of the Faculty may have doubted our ability to wear the cap and gown with due respect to its significance.

We remember the University when a large percentage of her students were in the preparatory department, and we have tried to do our share in the development of a college of high standard. Our progress has been healthy, a substantial process of construction from the foundation upward.

We have been building slowly, ever keeping a careful eye upon quality; watching that each beam and stone may be properly placed. It is only in this way that we will be able to construct a University which will be a permanent benefit to our state.

Since a university does not completely fulfill its function unless it keeps in touch with the life of the people and the current of state activities, we of the University, are aiming to keep pace with the high standard colleges of the country. Our University is particularly fortunate since it is in direct contact with so many specific state industries; and we feel our good fortune in attending a college which is able to prepare a man for his special position.

Before bidding farewell to our Alma Mater, we feel glad of an opportunity of expressing our appreciation to those who have instructed us on our journey and have guided us into those paths of most treasured learning. We feel deeply indebted to those who have set before us the ideals which we have been striving to attain. We have but one sentiment to express to those who have been our fellow-students through our college days, and that is, we have enjoyed association with them and will treasure many happy memories of the days gone by.

And now as we go out into the world to fill our place, to do our little share in its advancement, we will hold the recollection of our college days dearest of all; and we hope that the University may ever look to the class of '09 to find some of its most loyal supporters.

BERNEY KITT, President.

The Notablest of Notabilities

(Preface)

Of all who figure in public life during their lives, and of whom the most interesting biographies are written after their exit, it would be difficult to find those toward whom the world feels more kindly than the college graduate. There is a glamour about them which is not always justified by their achievements and which is seldom justified by their personality. It is not because they are great that we remember them, but because they interest us. In fact we do not remember them at all—it is the part they played, the tragic or comic mask they wore.

In studying the careers of students, especially of the class of 1909, we tend to forget that their youth was passed and their characters practically formed in a period long previous to their appearance in college, so let us judge not the University of Montana by what their past has been or what they are now, for they could not be fashioned after the Faculty's own pattern, having previously been moulded according to their own sweet will.

This history as presented today, is not of one edition, but of many; in fact so recent have some of the articles appeared they have not, as yet, assumed even a paper back. This material has been gathered with great difficulty, we having been obliged to consult Poole's Index, the latest magazine stands, the oldest newspaper files, the Archives of the University Library and as a last resort, the Government documents. This difficulty may partially be explained by the fact that exactly one-half of the class is Montana born and one is prone to grow careless about recording, for future posterity, what we, at the present, know so well.

However, this material once brought to light and realizing its value to students interested in advance research work, the Biographers' Union has secured the copyright, and will, in the course of a few months, send out a handsome edition of 18 volumes, under the attractive and most appropriate title, "Eccentricities of Genius." This edition will be illustrated with over 913 lithographs, engravings and authentic half-tone portraits secured from the editors of the Sen-

tinel. The Biographers' Union has made the following statement in behalf of their subject matter: "We trust that this edition will fill a gap which history has heretofore been unable to span, and we are confident that these well nigh perfect characters will nobly withstand the crucial test of time and grow brighter and more heroic with the passing of each decade.

(Author's Preface.)

If origin, if early training and habits of life; if tastes, character and associations fix a man's nationality, then the author must be reckoned a Missourian—All is said, nothing more and nothing less.

Extract From "Strange Stories From History."

Life of B. F. Kitt.

There are always a few inquiring persons, who, at the conclusion of any story, insist upon being told "what happened after that," and if such a question was ever justified, it is so in the case of this history which ends almost at the precise moment at which it began, for immediately after registration day, the college life of Berny Ferdinand Kitt was eventless. But boys who study, must never expect to make popular favorites. This boy could not be dragged into a class rush, was positively afraid of a football, and, if secrets are permissible, he was under temporary suspension for three weeks because he refused to appear at "shop" in regulation suit. At the beginning of his Senior year, there flashed a hope that he might yet become a cinder in the public eye. He had unconsciously and unwillingly developed into a sagacious politician and succeeded in showing the young ladies that a man should be president of the Senior class, "for what kind of a speech could a girl make on Class Day?" Nothing else of note, save a temporary flame which burned intensely while it lasted. It is his prehistoric days, however, that always interest the children and his few friends:

"I was born three miles west of a little town fourteen miles north of the Kansas line, running east and west. I was reared on the farm, until I was older, when I attended a country school—beginning at the

age of five, wearing long pants. Finishing my country education, I proceeded to grasp opportunities to tie up the loose ends of my education. I was admitted to the 'Halls of Learning' (?) in the City of Hebron, Nebraska, but my teachers loved me so dear, I received an encore for my Freshman year. Two fights and a birthday party reveal my popularity in high school. Feeling that the destiny of the Nation rested upon my shoulders I started west, but Halls of Learning (!!!) confronted me again"—and here it is we find him gradually sinking into obscurity.

"A Study in Contrast."

Ida Cunningham—Ida May Cunningham Cave, for short—is a type of girl her Swedish sisters may well be proud of; a native of Canada, tall and graceful, blond (?) hair and black (ened) eye brows, a hail-fellow-well-met disposition—in fact a favorite with everybody save the Credit books. This is not saying she never earned them, but her unusual vitality and happy spirits made the Secretary and his Credit books grow suspicious, and, to satisfy this suspicion she was notified five weeks before Class Day that Scotus Erigaenus and the Pythagorean Platonists desired a monopoly on all her vacant and otherwise unvacant hours. Only by the generosity of Dr. Book and Windleband's clear and concise statement of the "ontological and cosmological problems" in Philosophy, was she able to graduate.

As a type of student, in many respects similar, but in most respects dissimilar, Florence Ethella Thieme wishes to be mentioned.

Like all girls, fair of face and rich in grace, she was never just quite satisfied—born in Helena, lived in Missoula, but a craving desire to die near Hamilton.

Here we have a snap-shot of her favorite mood:

"I hate Missoula; I long for the asphalt walks, the smart cafes and conventionalities of the Bitter Root. Everything seems wrong; college life is a bore. Why can't we have the things we want before we lose our appetities waiting and longing for them? My life's basket seems full of the fruit I care nothing for, and the fruit I once loved and could have had, but passed by, I now long for and cannot have. So Hamilton, methinks, is perhaps the best of all stupid cities known."

But having shown a passing interest in the Flora of the Rocky Mountains and Y. W. C. A. conventions and Candy Sales, she, likewise, was allowed to graduate.

From "Saturday Evening Post"—Great and Ought to be Great Column.

In two short lines we have the sequel to Frank Lewis' college life:

“It is not wealth, nor rank, nor state,
But get-up-and-get that makes men great.”

Born and reared in the Bitter Root valley, and a victim to a class composed of eleven girls and seven boys (one of whom was married), he had no prerogative—he must get-up-and-get. These eleven girls clamored for parties; they planned straw rides to Bonner; they even interviewed the President on all such occasions, but how were they to enjoy themselves with only seven boys (and one of them married)? How was this problem solved? By Frank Lewis always taking five girls, but in such a tactful manner that not one of the five seemed to realize that the four other were along.

Truly a heroic life, which was never known in its entirety until after graduation. It was a tragedy but manfully borne. Surely such an act of life-long heroism will endear his memory to the University, and this memory will in every way compensate for all the ills his gentle spirit suffered in the flesh.

Clipping from "Western News," Hamilton, Montana

This morning, June 10, 1909, at 10:30, in Convocation Hall of the University of Montana, located at the mouth of Hell Gate Canyon, Missoula, Montana, graduates one of Montana's finest specimens of a native son, Gilbert D. McLaren. We have known Gilbert since childhood and we know whereof we speak, when we say:

To have him bow is rapture.
To be o'er looked, adversity;
To catch his smile is worth the while
Of attending the University.

Extract from "Confessions of U. of M. Librarian."

Almeda Andrews was that hitherto rare thing—a girl of study and of books. She was wholly possessed, like the great scholars of old, with the passion of learning. But in her Senior year she developed a most peculiar appreciation of Agricultural Literature, such as "Farmer's Journal," "The Energetic Farmer," "The Farmer King"—this seeming to be her only weakness. But read, read she must.

"Oh, greedy person," the girls would say; "if you read all the books in Missoula's two Libraries and lose the enjoyment of the bright sunshine, the walks up the canyon and the cutter rides in February, what shall it profit you?"

Regardless of the course of life marked out by herself, a librarian, it is quite certain, to the intelligent observer that, ere long, the invincible will upset all her plans and mark out quite another line of life for her.

From Pestalozzi's "Educational Classics."

Little can be gained from the world as to the life of Charles Farmer—such a reserved, such a conservative being, his Alma Mater has never known. He looked no one in the face for more than a moment, yet contrived to see everything as he went on. No one who ever studied the human features could pass him by without recollecting his countenance; it came upon you like a new thought, which you could not help dwelling upon afterwards.

We know all of this character we ever shall know. There are no more documents to peruse, no witnesses to examine, no prejudices to remove. His purity of purpose stands unimpeached; his steadfast earnestness and sterling integrity are our priceless examples. He left as fair a reputation at the 'Varsity as ever belonged to any human character, but let us not bury the real under a mass of silly moralizing. The following, taken from a lecture he gave to his class just before a proposed straw ride to Bonner, will substantiate my statements:

“How can you, how can you, fellow classmates, abandon yourselves to frivolous hilarity at this moment? It seems to me that a reverential silence would better become us, standing as we do, in the awful presence of the Faculty. Allah be praised if we are delivered from their hands.”

“*The Dative in Modern Verse*,” by J. S. Snoddy.

(Main division, Alice Wright)

Mr. Jonathan Silas Snoddy, Professor of English, University of Montana, in working out his thesis for his Master's Degree, selected this most interesting celebrity, Alice Wright, as his subject. Upon being asked why he chose such a deep subject, he replied: “Anything short of the impossible would not be considered. Let me give you her favorite quotation and you will readily see what material I had before me: ‘I reverence genius more than college cases, and would rather witch the world with noble horsemanship on the back of Pegasus than be carried more comfortably to oblivion on a palace car.’”

Although she attended the University for seven years, and was a Freshman at fifteen (how that rings in my ears—“I am only 15!”) all that I can authentically give of her life is what I have been able to read between the lines of her numerous ballads and dainty vignettes. She had no motive for writing, save that of diverting her mind from the distressing manner in which the credits of her fellow classmates were slowly, but surely, vanishing. But she wrote, nevertheless.

The Only Information Accessible.

University of Indiana, Wilmington, Ind., April 1, 1908.
President of University of Montana, Missoula, Mont.

Dear Sir: I, George E. Beavers, write you asking information

as to the possibilities in Montana, of a moderately well educated young man with a history. I have lived in Indiana; Fort Wayne, to be exact, all my life. I went up to the university with the purpose of "digging," for never in my life had I smiled at a girl, but at the end of my Freshman year, I began to feel my purpose growing fainter and a new and strange star in the firmament appeared. One knows the rest.

I am just finishing my Junior year, but am advised to go west and make my fortune, in the meantime, graduate at the University of Montana. Will you please send catalogue and also please advise me as to bringing my wife with me. She's a Junior also.

Very truly,

GEORGE E. BEAVERS.

Mr. and Mrs. Beavers came west, thereby rendering a great service to the Senior class—that of official chaperone and Mr. Beavers' reputation as a chemical engineer.

"Five Little Students and How They Grew."

Mary, Jennie, Edna, Cecil, Marie—never did so many bright stars consent to twinkle in the same firmament; nor never was a college life spent to a better advantage than in trying to outshine each other.

The first star mentioned, Mary Rankin, has always shone over Missoula—a very tiny star, if one goes by inches, but her dignity was designed for a much larger body; in truth so much dignity that the word "sluffing" was not to be found in her vocabulary.

The second star, however, first appeared in Wisconsin, then Ann Arbor was dazzled by the light until the fall of 1907, when the University of Montana drew it westward again. If there is anything in a name we would say she was Chinese (Ling) but Deutschland may well claim the honor, at least Mein Vaterland would not be ashamed to could they only hear her conversing so fluently in German. Perhaps one of her weakest points is her absolute dislike for boys.

Nebraska claims the third star, but for fear of the grasshoppers in Kansas, Edna emigrated. The moment registration day came, in the year 1905, changes began to rapidly occur—for such a changeable mind and such an appalling influence over the non-changeable! Not a single straw ride, be it Freshman, Soph or Senior, was spared her presence; not a class party found her absent; not a single heart left unaffected; but lo! with the beginning of Senior days, witness the metamorphosis of Edna Pratt. All that she had once seemingly enjoyed, had been twice wasted, and only one year left in which to conjure up an indefinite phantom of what she had heard others speak of as college spirit. In her spare moments she has been impertinent enough to write a book on “The Foibles of Fads and Fashions,” treating it with a masterly sarcasm.

Unlike the above mentioned star, Cecil Dwyer has never changed, always versatile and sharp witted, the connecting link between Minnesota’s public schools and Montana’s University. But being entirely unconscious and impulsive, she was never clever enough to understand her own character. Consequently we may be excused if that part of her which was hidden from herself is partly hidden from us.

At last we come to our planet, which first appeared near Helena, in the year 1880 or 1890—King’s Almanac can not be found at the present writing—when its course turned toward Mount Sentinel. It took on the nature of a magnet, attracting about it satellite upon satellite, and even unto Class Day wielding an influence that was all but beneficial—for Marie Freezer took a morbid pleasure in analyzing into its respective atoms, her friends’ sweet dispositions in the terms of $\text{H}_2\text{SO}_4 + 2\text{NaCl}$. In fact Dr. Harkins owes his trip to Europe to her incorrect analysis of the briny waters of the Pacific.

“Men that Made Montana Famous.”

Willie Van Eman was Great Falls’ most precious gift to its State University. From the age of six, Willie’s teachers ever found in the perfection of his conduct, a reproach to the imperfections of other little boys; so Willie was truly hated by all bad children. We can all finish this fable from our own youthful experiences.

Willie entered college and as a Freshman, kept up his old high school tactics, making it utterly impossible for Alice Wright, Montana Buswell and Freddie Greenwood to soar the dizzy heights with him. As a token of her appreciation of such digging qualities, hitherto unknown in the 'Varsity, Mrs. E. L. Bonner bestowed upon him a three years' scholarship. With this in store Willie says: "No more grind—me for the theater parties, football and girls." And so the rest of us can finish *this* fable from our own youthful experiences.

From Dr. Harkins' Lecture on "The Average American Student," to be delivered in London, June 8, 1909.

After a close perusal of an average American student's life; you people in England, no doubt, will say—"precocious children! precocious children! for England's safety I am glad they are all in America!"

A signal example of what you may call precocity is the life of Frederick Greenwood, and by no means a short history, simply because his years have only numbered twenty. All histories previously written of his life, are what might be expected, elegant but superficial products of the imagination, but my statements will at least bear the products of truth.

He was born on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains—to be exact, in LaCrosse, Wisconsin, U. S. A. The first eight years' of his life were spent, as most all other children's lives in translating Nursery Rhymes into Latin, and Aesop's Fables from the Greek. From the age of eight to fifteen, he was kept busy instructing his private tutors—notice we have no kindergartens in America.

As is customary, he entered the State University at the age of 16, graduating within four years afterwards, having held all the offices in the institution from "Head Rooter" at the football games, to an assistant professorship in German, and is now in line for the most coveted position in the University—that of Private Secretary to the President.

From a "Book of My Poems"—Montana Buswell.

(A tribute to myself.)

When the "U" was young and hopeful
 And the credits still were easy,
 In Missoula was a maiden
 And she sought for student honors.
 So one day in bright September,
 She began her course in drawing,
 Making sketches of professors.
 Rhymes she made, too; rhymes of number,
 But alas she rhymed too often,
 And the faculty were tender (?)
 As the early Christian martyrs,
 Burning, still their credo's chanted,
 And grew strong in faith and virtue.
 So despite this persecution,
 Montie's verses grew and flourished;
 And her nature was so winsome,
 That despite their stern resentment,
 Soon the faculty adored her.

(The six lines which originally filled this space were omitted at the request of the Editor-in-Chief. The editor is a large and determined young lady, so there is nothing to do but apologize to the Class Historian.—The Printers.)

When the dying sun with glory
 Paints the mountain peaks in autumn,
 And o'er all the hills and valleys
 Couples stroll in sweet enchantment—
 And the chaperones are sleeping—
 Then we think of thee, Montana,
 And we long once more to know thee.

BESS BRADFORD, Historian.

“Aufwiedersehen”

And so the June has come again,
 The South wind's breath is warm and still,
 The misty heat has touched with grace
 The rugged outlines of each hill.
 Across the “flat” the meadow larks
 Send back and forth their clear refrain,
 With sadness touched today, because
 They seem to sing, “Aufwiedersehen.”

In former years we longed for June,
 We worked and waited for the spring;
 We dreamed about the coming day
 When we should hear the first lark sing.
 Commencement was a joyous time
 Without a thought of parting pain;
 Careless we were of future years,
 Lightly we said, “Aufwiedersehen.”

But now the last of college days
 Has come, with songs and sun of June,
 We work and dream the same no more;
 The time is passing all too soon;
 We seek the old familiar haunts—
 The things that happened there are plain—
 But through remembered joy there runs
 A sadder note, “Aufwiedersehen.”

The mountains call with strange new force,
 Eternal rulers crowned with snow—
 What matters it if we depart?
 They watch so many come and go.
 Our little lives will pass so soon,
 There is so little we attain;
 Why should they notice us at all?
 Or echo our, “Aufwiedersehen.”

Dear college chums, the last and best,
As steadfast as the mountains hoar,
Thru' youth, thru' prime and when the days
Of harvest time shall come no more.
June time and south wind, hills serene,
Campus and meadow lark's refrain—
Dear are they all, but last and best,
Old college chums, "Aufwidersehen."

MONTANA BUSWELL, Poet.

Prophecy of the Class of 1909

The night grew blacker; a great flash illumined the earth; peal upon peal of thunder rent the air. I sank back into the cab trembling, praying that we should soon reach our destination. Suddenly we stopped, the door was opened and I stepped out into the storm. Just then another flash disclosed the building I was to enter; a none too prepossessing place in the best of lights, and now— For a moment I hesitated, but for only a moment. Then telling my chauffeur to return in an hour, I ran up the black stairway into the blacker hall at the top. Summoning up all my courage, I gave the peculiar rap that signified to Madam Dupre that I was without. A moment's intolerable wait, then the door swung open, admitting me into a long, scantily furnished room, dimly lighted by one tallow candle.

Madam, in a soiled black gown, was at the far end of the room, and it was here she beckoned me. As soon as I was seated a great peal of thunder shook the whole building, and out of the thunder came Madam's voice speaking.

"Oh, thou Athleta, come now and converse with us. Thou great spirit, I feel thy presence; I hear thy voice, I see thy—" and with a groan, Madam fell prone upon the floor. For a moment there was only the noise of the storm without, then there came a clear, distinct knocking, knock, knock, knock. "My," I thought, "that must be Frank Lewis."

But I was mistaken, for suddenly in the black room I became aware of a strange, ethereal presence—a being without form or substance—which seemed to permeate the atmosphere. And then there came in tones that sounded like Thayer's voice through the megaphone, these words:

"I am the spirit of Athletics which died in the first year of the reign of Duniway. What do you wish?"

I answered in a somewhat breathless voice: "I wish to know what you can tell concerning the members of the Class of 1909."

There was an awful silence, then from out of the silence came those tones again.

"I see a little town with strange old castles. All around green fields and close cropped hedges. Between here and there is a great

body of water. Now I see the streets of the little town. They are filled with people who gaze at a long sign board, which reads, 'Wild West Shows; the Greatest Ever Shown This Side the Atlantic.' I see a big white tent, within which are thousands of people grouped around the edge. In the center are large circles. Now there appears from one side, a woman in khaki and buckskin, her hair in braids. She rides quickly to the middle ring. A man with a long whip calls, 'Missouri Bess, the only original Montana cow-girl will now ride a ferocious bucking broncho bare-back.' "

The voice sank. "Ah," I thought, "Bess Bradford did go to Europe, after all."

There was the noise as of a great struggle in the room, then the voice came again:

"Wicked spirits tried to drive me from my place, but I remain. I see a forest scene; it is this very night, all black and furious. In a little space is a fire and over the fire a great kettle is suspended. A woman, her hair falling about her shoulders, bends above the kettle, drops into its seething contents, rats, switches, ruches, pumps, fancy socks, fad-clothes, Weekly Kaimin shares, High School diplomas, and many other vain and useless things. Now she stirs the whole horrid mess together, and, with a final wierd sound, ceases. In the steam which rises from the kettle I see many little devils dancing. Behind the woman are two girls watching her every move. Now she turns and talks to them. She is instructing them in her black art. Who is so wretched, so—so—I see her face—it is Montana Buswell!"

A noise as of weeping and sighing filled the room, and for a moment I wept, too; then I remembered, Montana was happy, her hair didn't need fixing, and besides she always did intend to teach art.

Then again there came the voice: "The spirit of Fred Greenwood wishes to speak with you." There was a great flash in the room; then a dim figure appeared, as usual in a sheet (not usual for Fred, but for a spirit.)

"Are you dead?" I inquired.

"No," he replied; "I am asleep, and so my spirit roams at will."

"Oh," I exclaimed, "maybe I can talk to some others, too."

"Maybe. What can I do for you?"

"I just wanted to know what you are doing—what your business is," I replied.

"Ah, a somewhat embarrassing question. I— well, I make people feel at home."

"Do you keep a hotel?"

"Oh, no."

"Well, how do you make your living?"

"I—er—work people."

"Are you a confidence man?"

"Some unkind people style me so."

"But, Fred, how did you ever come to this?"

"Oh," he wailed, and his voice grew dimmer at each word, "after A. S. U. M. it was easy." Slowly the sheeted form melted from my sight and I was alone in the room.

But only for a moment, then the spirit was back again, speaking.

"Here is Beavers," came the voice of the spirit, "his soul is proud and haughty like Dusty's, but he will speak to you."

"Why are you proud and haughty?" I inquired.

"Because my place in heaven is assured."

"Assured?"

"Yes, I have fulfilled my obligations; I have now two wives."

"Two wives—you must dwell in Utah."

"I do."

"Whatever made you turn Mormon?"

"Women are the flowers of the earth."

"Surely, but two wives must be expensive."

"Oh, yes; but if I could support one and be a Senior, I could support three under normal circumstances."

The spirit came again into the room.

"I see the streets of a great city. Automobiles whizz up and down its length; in the distance the street cars run to and fro. On both sides of the street are great shops and many people going in and out. One of the shops, the largest, has great windows stretching from floor to ceiling. Behind these we see men and women in reclining chairs, with large towels pinned around them. Over them white-capped women bend. Above the door of the the shop in flaring letters is this sign, 'Madam Ceciel, Tonsorial Artist. Parlors open from 8:00 A. M. to 10:00 P. M.'"

"The scene changes. Now we see a jungle in a land far to the south. Through the jungle there winds a trail, and along that trail a small company of people are coming. Suddenly from the brush at one side there springs a man. He is a ferocious being, with a dark

countenance, heavy eyebrows and mustache. He wears a sombrero, a red handkerchief about his neck, and a cartridge belt around his waist, in which villainous knives are stuck. He levels two revolvers at the company. 'Hands up!' he roars.

The company are obedient. He rifles their pockets. Presently he finds something that interests him; he stands looking at it. 'That reminds me,' he says, "of a little story I once read." It is Van."

"Now the scene shifts again. We see the stage of a large theater. The house is packed and the rows of bald heads glisten and sparkle. The chorus with their abbreviated clothes, have just come on. Now from one side there darts a spark of human flame. Red hat, red shoes and stockings and red dress—all red, our friend Marie trips forward and giving her flimsy little skirt a dainty kick, she begins the joyful strains of 'I've Lost My Heart But I Don't Care.' "

"What's happened to Charlie Farmer," I asked. "I'd like to speak to him."

Charlie Farmer, Charlie Farmer; he's not as much in evidence as he used to be. Perhaps I can find him among the spirits. Charlie Char—"

There was a rushing, swishing sound, then a brisk little voice said, "What do you want of Charlie?"

Somewhere I had heard that voice before, somewhere—yes, it was in the 'U.,' could it be?—it was Almeda's voice!

"What do you want of Charlie?" she demanded.

"I wanted to speak to him," I replied.

"What about?"

"I wanted to ask him what he is doing now."

"Well, if you must know, he's washing the dishes while I get a little sleep. For goodness' sake don't disturb him—he's quiet for once." Then her voice grew fainter and fainter. Poor Almeda was waking up, and I know she needed the rest.

The spirit returned. "Yesterday," it said, "in a large church in the city, a great many people were gathered together to witness the wedding of Edna Pratt. The aisles were strung with white satin ribbons, the chancel was filled with flowers, and the great organ thundered forth Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March.' In the vestry the bridesmaids waited, the maid of honor and best man fidgeted together while the groom wrung his hands in despair. All were ready, all were

waiting, but no bride appeared. Once, twice, thrice, the march was played, still no Edna. At last the minister went out and dismissed the audience, and the groom, tearing his hair, went forth to seek her. Where was she? Here is her spirit, who will answer."

"Where were you, Edna?" I asked, as soon as the change was made.

"Oh," said Edna, "I was busy. I had another date, and besides I changed my mind about caring to go."

Then the spirit began:

"I see Berney Kitt, all beautiful in a frock coat and long beard. He is standing upon a platform, speaking to a lot of people, who nod and smile and clap as though they think him lovely, too. Here and there in the crowd are banners. One of them reads, 'Vote for Kitt and a full dinner pail;' another, 'Kitt, the choice of the people.' Now Berney bends forward and raises his voice, 'If I am elected,' he swears, 'I will break the back of every trust that exists.' Apparently our friend is running again for president. Now he ceases speaking and the chairman comes forward, 'I will now introduce, ladies and gentlemen, our next vice-president, Miss Jenny Lyng, who will address us upon the tariff.' A woman wearing puffs steps forward."

For a moment the voice of the spirit was silent and I thought over what I had just heard. Berney for president, and Jenny for vice. Somehow I had always imagined Jenny as darning stockings, but since women's rights had prevailed—at any rate it was natural that Kitt and Lyng should still be together.

The spirit began speaking again. "I see a bright and sunny land, far to the westward over great seas. In the land are many quaint buildings and pagodas. I see a main street of one of the towns, and on that street a building with imposing front, and barred windows. There is a sign by the door, 'Home for Japanese Women.' In an upstairs room the matron, Florence Thieme, is asleep. I will summon her spirit."

A moment's silence, then, "Hello!"

"Hello, Florence; how do you like your work?"

"Oh, I'm crazy about it; I always did enjoy having no one but women about."

"What happened to Ham, Florence?"

"Ham? Oh, he's still hanging around doing odd jobs for me."

Oh, well, what could you expect!

But the voice interrupted my thoughts.

"I see a great world's fair. In one of the large white buildings the thousands of people are all pushing toward one platform, upon which a woman stands, white-capped, white-aproned, her sleeves to her elbows, before a table upon which a great mass of bread dough has been placed. Below the platform is this legend: 'Miss Mary Rankin, one of the best mixers ever known, will give an exhibition at 2:00 P. M. of each day, of how best to mix bread.'"

As I hoped, the spirit was again summoning one of my classmates to talk with me. She began:

"Hello, Lena." When I refused to answer in this wise, she continued, "Ain't this a fine day?"

"Ida!" I exclaimed, "how are you?"

"I won't tell."

"What are you doing now?" I continued.

"Well, I'm earning my living, let me tell you that. It's a hard life I lead. Every day I go to my office and they give me a list of people who won't pay their debts."

"Oh, yes."

"And then I go around and urge them to pay up."

"And do they?"

"They do. I'm pretty good at it I guess, I've had so much experience. Anyone that could get the money for the Senior cards and invitations, can get almost anything. Well, so-long," and she began chattering something about "a sick kitten on a hot brick" and that was the end of Ida.

Then there came again the dim presence of the spirit and the voice continued:

"I see a long, dusty, country road along which there is advancing a man, carrying a small suit case—a man tall of stature but somewhat bent, tired with the heat and the walk. Now he nears a village. At the first gate he enters and approaches the house; he knocks timidly; a woman opens the door. The man speaks in a winning, deferential way; then, although the woman shakes her head, he opens his suit case and taking therefrom a book, proudly displays it to her. She seems not to be interested. Very gently and very firmly he turns its pages, all the time talking. She is obdurate. He replaces the book,

and lifting his hat, turns away. Ah, now I see, it is Gil McLaren. Suddenly the woman relents. 'What is the name of the book?' she inquires. 'Marjorie's Recipes,' he replies, 'and I can personally recommend them—' the picture fades."

Now of all the class there was only one left. Frank Lewis had turned up missing. As the spirit showed all the signs in the world of being about to leave, I hastily intervened.

"And what of Frank?"

"Frank who?"

I was amazed. "Why, Frank Lewis, of course."

"Oh, Frank Lewis!"

"Well, what about him?"

"You truly wish to know?"

"Yes."

There was silence, followed by a long series of vigorous knocking and kicking with a very short intermission of quiet between each series. The spirit cried, "Enough," and turned to me apologetically, "I'm sorry, but that's the only response it is possible to get."

No wonder the spirit had hated to tell me. Poor Frank, still railing against the unavoidable.

Now the spirit of athletics had gone, indeed. With a noise like a faint "Hurrah," it had vanished, and by the strange sounds, Madam was making, I knew the seance was over. How I had enjoyed hearing again from them all—All so great—so—so—so what we had dreamed they would be. Some, to be sure, had weary paths to tread but still——

I gathered up my wraps and left the room and building. Out into the stormy night I went and back to my own life of—you know what.

ALICE WRIGHT, Prophet.

Class Will

When a person dies upon this earth, we think of him, not as gone, non-existent, but as merely having passed into other surroundings, of living in another world. He has laid aside the material, less important things of this world, and has taken upon himself the real never-ending life of the next.

So, in writing this will of the Class of 1909, we have in mind that the class is not gone; it is still a class in spite of the fact that it is about to change its surroundings. The period of transition from the active work of college circles to the more serious work of the big world outside is termed the "death" of the class, and so most appropriately we have to will all of our belongings, begged, earned, bought, stolen or thrust upon us during the four short years of our active life, to those whom we leave behind. The Class of 1909 has put aside these things of lesser importance, and is about to take on the real serious duties which confront it.

With these things in view, therefore, we have drawn up this document:

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE CLASS OF 1909

The Class of 1909, of the University of Montana, of the age of four years, being about to pass from this active life and being of sound and disposing mind and memory and not acting under duress, menace, fraud or undue influence of any person or persons whatever, does make, publish and declare this its last Will and Testament, in manner following, that is to say:

To the student body as a whole, we, the members of said Class of 1909, do leave all of the examples of dignity and model conduct displayed during the past year, in the hope that the general standard may be materially raised by their proper use and application.

To the Class of 1910, we leave all of our Senior traditions, including all claims to feeds, jollifications, sleigh-rides to Bonner, and all other pleasant recollections of Senior year. We do also will to the present Junior Class the free and unobstructed right to beg, ask, and

petition the Faculty for a week's vacation, and with this right goes our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in the work before them. We further leave to the Class of 1910, this sacred volume, which has been handed down from Senior Class to Senior Class in the past on Class Day, and which we this day place in the hands of the President of the Class of 1910, with the trust that to no one but a Senior shall its revered and mystic contents be revealed.

To the Class of 1911 we leave with just pride our faculty for giving parties and living up to the name of "Jolly Juniors," as well as all the valuable experience we gained through publishing the 1909 Sentinel and giving the Junior Prom.

To the Class of 1912 we leave all of the childish pranks which characterized us as Sophomores, together with the great love and respect which we bore the Freshmen.

To the Class which will next year be called Freshman, we will all of our youthful innocence; also some valuable hints on the best means of playing cards successfully in English I.

To the Faculty as a whole, we cheerfully and unselfishly leave all of our virtues and faults, in the hope that the virtues may be held up as models to the young, and the faults—overlooked and forgotten as transitory and unimportant.

To the Department of Physical Culture, we leave this little token of our esteem, in the shape of a platform, which is intended to serve as a memory of its larger but none the less useful predecessor.

To Professor Aber we will our absolute claim on the University dandelion crop, to be disposed of at his discretion. (It might be well to say that this claim is left cheerfully, not to say gladly.)

To Professor Snoddy we will the red stocking used at the last Christmas Tree celebration, believing in the appropriateness of the gift on account of the Professor's pronounced taste for the color in question.

To Miss Knowles, Montana Buswell leaves all of her knowledge of art and brass hammering, to be administered to needy students in the art department in the future. Her dignity Montana leaves to the

frivolous members of the Faculty, and her experience as Editor of the Kaimin, she wills to the University Press Club, to be used sparingly and only upon state occasions.

To Florence Catlin, Marie Freezer leaves all claims to her name of "Pinkie" which is absolutely original with Marie.

Charles Farmer leaves all of his artistic ability to his profile victims. To the whole school he leaves his surplus energy, which is to be kept on tap for future generations until exhausted, but which under no circumstances is to be liberated all at once. The task of keeping this supply in check is left to the Faculty.

Ceciel Dwyer leaves her originality and superior judgment to the one who needs it most, the question to be decided by a foot race. To each of her professors she leaves her knowledge of each subject studied during her college course, while her hilarious disposition she leaves to Hazel Butzerin.

Bessie Bradford leaves all the recommendations which she has received as to her teaching ability to Dr. Book, to be used as illustrations in future lectures on Method. These are to be used with proper regard for their importance.

To Professor Elrod, Ida Cunningham wills her stubbornness, to Dr. Underwood her wit and appreciation of humor, and to the librarian her evenness of temper and good nature.

Edna Pratt leaves all of her many Platonic friendships to Miss Stewart, to be used as antidotes for more alarming tendencies. Her taste for clothes she cheerfully leaves to Edna Fox. The permanent seat in the library which Edna has finally secured for herself, she leaves to be divided between Lucy Whitaker and Marjorie Ross.

Florence Thieme wills her supply of smoked meats to the University, keeping, however, one "Ham" for herself.

Mary Rankin leaves her noisy disposition to Ethel Marcum, to be kept active as long as the said Ethel Marcum remains in school. Her hit with Dusty, Mary leaves to Marjorie Ross.

Jennie Lyng leaves to Miss Stewart her taste for early hours and also her puffs, the latter to be put away and treasured as articles to

be coveted. Jennie makes this great sacrifice after deep thought and careful judgment.

To society as a whole, Almeda Andrews wills her "likes and dislikes," and to the Physics Department her freezing ability.

To Hulda Reed, Alice Wright leaves her cheerfulness and anything else which Hulda might need or could use to advantage. To the memory of the Monthly Kaimin, Alice leaves all the love stories which she has ever inflicted on it, and her literary ability in general she leaves to Professor Corbin.

George Beavers leaves all his knowledge of Chemistry to the elementary class next year, together with all note books and other appurtenances. His ability at "mixing" he leaves to Massy McCullough.

To Clarence Buck, Gilbert MacLaren leaves all his glory as a football man, as well as his marvelous success in Gym. work. His knowledge of Campistry he wills to Arbie Leech.

The Senior Engineers leave to the 1910 Engineers the basement lab. in Science Hall with all its furnishings, with the exception of the table, which goes to the Engineers' Carnival Side Show for next year. Lewis leaves his ability as a snake charmer and his wig to his successor, whoever he may be.

To the Museum, the Senior Engineers will this brush, famous for the '09s which it has placed upon fences, barns and doors.

To Mr. Dana, the Senior Engineers leave this alcohol lamp, which is noted for the number of British Thermal Units transmitted to various hands through certain door knobs. This is given to Mr. Dana on account of past associations.

To aspiring Engineers of the lower classes, the Seniors leave all their knowledge of high tension wire cutting, acquired through personal experiments.

This historic jimmie they leave to the historical society, to be kept under lock and key. It is noted for its intimate acquaintance with the windows of the Chemistry store room, the door of the shop tool room, the windows of the Gym., the Grub room of the dormitory, and the trap-door to the clock tower.

This lock the Senior Engineers leave to the University night watchman, in memory of the time when it saved the oval from becoming public property by putting a stop to continuous traffic on the night of Louis Howard's farewell dance.

By special consent of Lewis, Farmer and Kitt, these cans are left to Professor Scheuch, to be administered with due care to needy students in the future.

To the University, the Senior Engineers present this altar, erected in Toole's barn some two years ago and up to this time loaned to the institution for use at Convocation. This is presented with the express understanding that it shall never be disturbed by the members of any other class in the future.

All other bits of real, unreal or personal property owned or held by them, the Senior Engineers freely give to the Engineering Department.

Finally, as students of the University of Montana, we do give and bequeath to the University of Montana, all the memories of a happy four years spent in her halls, as well as all of the small return we can make for opportunities afforded us, and the results of all of our actions committed as Irresponsible Freshmen, Irrepressible Sophomores, Irresistable Juniors, and Irreproachable Seniors.

In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hand and seal this Class Day of June, 1909.

THE CLASS OF 1909.

FREDERICK GREENWOOD, Lawyer.

THE KAIMIN

STAFF.

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FREDERICK GREENWOOD	Assistant Editor in Chief
FLORENCE THIEME	Literary
MARIE FREEZER	
ALMEDA ANDREWS	Exchanges
MARY RANKIN	Alumni Notes
ALICE WRIGHT	Locals
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Editorials

Experience, they say, is the best teacher, and the experienced, therefore, must be the best taught and hence the best qualified to give information along the lines of their experience.

The Class of 1909 is about to pass from the active University circles, after four eventful years of life in the institution. Four years is not a long time, measured comparatively, but in a University yet in its infancy, it is time enough for the occurrence of many things which, though perhaps small in themselves, will some day, if continued, support the very life of the school. Every custom, tradition and institution of University life must have its beginning, small as it may be, and the first years of every institution similar to the University of Montana are full of such occurrences. We have seen one such important move in the birth of the Weekly Kaimin this very year, and others, might be enumerated by the score. We are in that

period of what might be called youthful activity in which our thoughtless actions may grow into the permanent characteristics of the University's later life.

But the things which rely for their success wholly upon the existing conditions of affairs, the interest taken in them, etc., such as literary and journalistic activities, athletics, debating, oratory, are not by any means all important. Precedents, customs and traditions do more to build up the healthy spirit and atmosphere of an institution if they are good, and do more to break down and destroy the healthy spirit and atmosphere of an institution if they are poor, than any other one element in all our University life. And in thus affecting the spirit and atmosphere of a school, they vitally affect the general standard of that school in its external relations.

There are various kinds of these customs and traditions in scholarship and conduct which are of importance, but we wish to emphasize most emphatically those actual University traditions of which other and older institutions justly boast, and towards the acquisition of which we should earnestly strive.

The customs and traditions of the University are being made, and we are making them. Shall they be good or bad? That is for us to decide. The members of the graduating class have all of them seen the beginnings in some of these, and have helped in the development of all of them. The 'Varsity Christmas Tree and the Merrie May Day Carnival are two notable and recent additions to the list, while our good old Singing on the Steps is a tradition of longer standing. These we already have, and more will come as the years go by. Many efforts at "trying out" new things only end in failure, but if the idea is worthy and the general University sentiment is favorable to the establishment of good traditions, the attempts cannot but be rewarded with success. And by general University sentiment we do not mean the administrative policy, nor yet the attitude of the Faculty, but the attitude of the University, the unity which is formed out of the ideals, and spirit of the student body, alumni, Faculty—all working as a whole. True, such worthy traditions have to be established slowly, but out of all those that we try, let us see to it that only the worthy ones survive, while the worthless ones disappear as quickly as possible.

There is another consideration, and this is most important of all:

When a good healthy tradition is started, let us use every effort to stimulate it to a more permanent growth. We must not let it die. To us is given the task of establishing, nursing and developing these elements of our life, these traditions to which some day we may look back with just pride and say that we helped to make it permanent; and we should not betray this trust. Let personality, private interests and factional disputes be forgotten in the task of giving to Montana, our Alma Mater of the near future, those things which may be permanent in the upbuilding of a greater and better University.

And so, as the Class of 1909 severs its active connection with University life, gives up its place to those perhaps better fitted but no more loyally inclined, to carry on the work, it is with the sincere and confident hope and belief that those good traditions which are already the University's shall remain hers, and that the number may be rapidly increased as time goes on and she increases in size and importance.

Alumni Notes

Mr. W. D. Rankin, '03, will graduate from the Harvard Law school in June.

Mr. Fred Buck, '07, who has been attending the University of California, is in Missoula.

Mrs. Oscar Sedman (Harriet Rankin, '03), is visiting her mother, Mrs. John Rankin.

The wedding invitations of Mr. Benjamin Stuart, '02, have been received by his many friends in Missoula.

Mr. Fred Anderson, '02, has recently announced his engagement to Miss Elizabeth Schilling, a former University student.

George Greenwood, '04, is now the manager of the savings department of the Union Trust Company, Spokane, Washington.

Mr. Hovey Polleys, '07, Mr. Roy McPhail, '07, and Mr. Leo Greenough, '07, were in Missoula to attend the High School Track meet.

The Alumni members in Missoula have held several meetings during the last month. Committees have been appointed to arrange for the banquet.

Exchanges

Adrian College will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary in June.

Whitman is to have a new Conservatory of Music in the near future.

Senior Lits. at Michigan wear caps and gowns Mondays and Thursdays.

The University of California has a prospect of a bequest of \$1,400,000.

A sorority to direct women's politics has been organized at Missouri University.

A sunrise prayer meeting was held Easter morning by the Y. W. C. A. of Whitman.

The State Legislature of Nevada has appropriated \$5,000 for the erection of a modern greenhouse.

"The Student" of the University of North Dakota, is entirely in charge of members of the Senior Class.

Funny you didn't see Jim in the library. I know he's there. Perhaps he's all wrapped up in his book.

Twenty-seven women were graduated recently from the law department of New York University.

Colorado, Wyoming, North Dakota and South Dakota have formed an interstate oratorical league.

The University of Oregon is to have a large, new gymnasium. The old one is to be used only by the co-eds.

There are twenty-six instructors to teach three students in the College of Homeopathic Medicine at Minnesota.

The University of Pennsylvania has shipped two carloads of exhibits to the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition.

Over \$1,000,000 will be spent this year in the construction of new buildings on the University of Minnesota campus.

W. S. C. is contemplating an Evergreen Day to be used for the purpose of beautifying and caring for the campus.

The Universities of North and South Dakota and Iowa State College have formed a triangular debating association.

The rifle team of Utah State College has won the championship on indoor rangers, scoring 949 out of a possible one thousand.

At the interscholastic track meet held at Whitman College this year over twenty schools were represented and three hundred athletes competed.

At Whitman College the girls will be assigned outdoor exercises such as tennis or walking instead of inside gymnasium work, for the rest of the year.

"I don't sleep at all at night."

"Why don't you take something?"

"I do. I take history."

The employment bureau of the University of Chicago reports that wages to the amount of \$16,000 have been earned by students of that institution in three months.

Instead of exempting the Seniors from final examinations, the Whitman College Faculty has advised the class to make the exercises of Class Day as light as possible.

The students of Spokane College are receiving much praise for their energetic spirit in building their gymnasium with their own hands, and at their own expense.

Several Cornell students recently lied to a professor about the amount of unobserved exercise they had taken. Proved to be untruthful, they have just been dismissed from the University.

Thomas Weldon Stanford of Australia, recently endowed Stanford University in his will, with \$12,000,000, his plan being to send annually to Stanford University a number of Australians on the Rhodes scholarship scheme.

A prominent Alumnus of Colgate University, has established an annual prize of \$100, to be given on Commencement Day, to the athlete holding three block "C's" and having the highest scholastic standing for his four years in the University.



When the last awful lecture is past, and the last recitation is done;
When that last week's vacation's forgotten, that "Faculty sat-down-
on one;"

We shall rest, if our friend Speer is willing; we'll sleep two semes-
ters or three.

Regardless of what we're neglecting, what the state of our credits
may be.

We shall care not a whit for diplomas, up there all degrees are the
same

And no "write-ups" we'll write up for Class Day—Commencement
shall be but a name.

We shall stroll on a campus ideal, with our ease just as much as
we please,

And never a Dean shall remonstrate, and never a student shall tease.

And no one shall cram for a final; and no one be christened a "dig."

When the Chief sends word, "Come to the office," we'll feel just
like dancing a jig.

And oh, what a gorgeous vacation, without any Faculty pall,

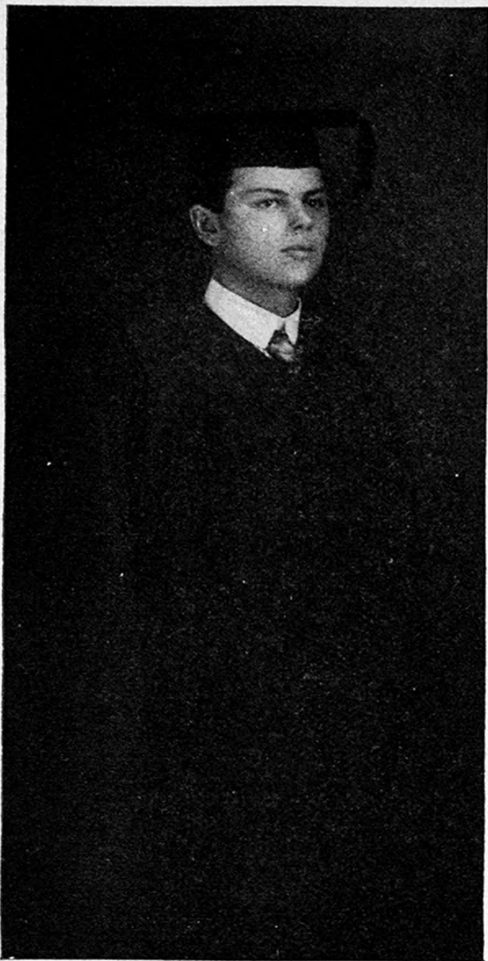
For aeons and aeons we'll rest us, and never grow weary at all.

(Signed),

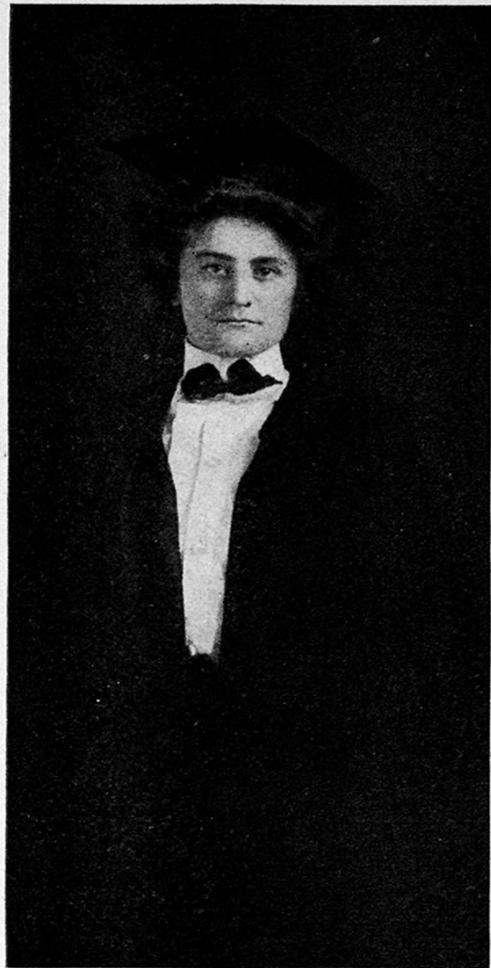
THE SENIORS.

The Senior Class

LIBRARY
University of Montana



BERNEY KITT



EDNA PRATT



MONTANA BUSWELL



IDA CUNNINGHAM



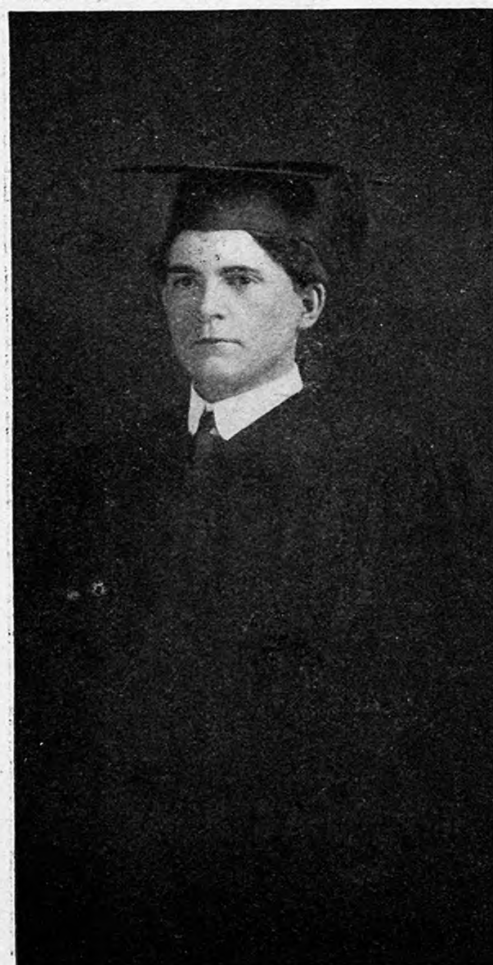
FLORENCE THIEME



JENNIE LYN



ALICE WRIGHT



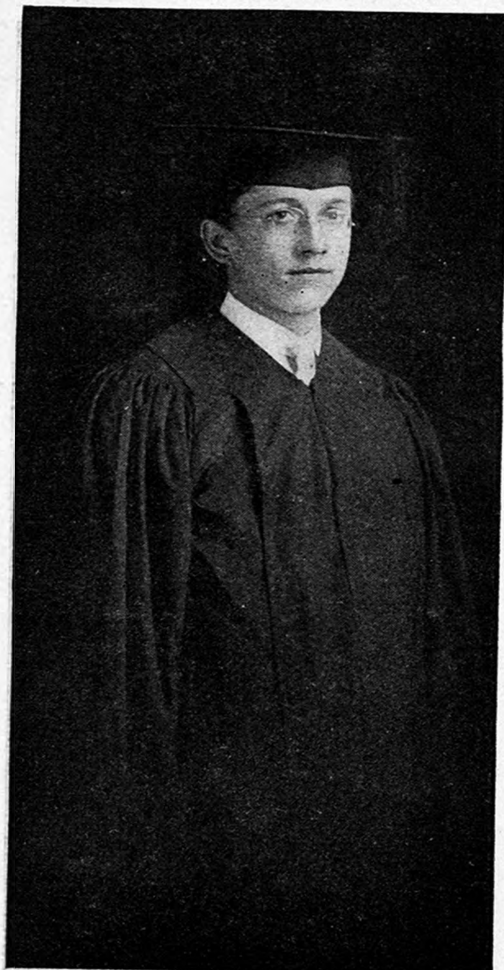
WM. VAN EMAN



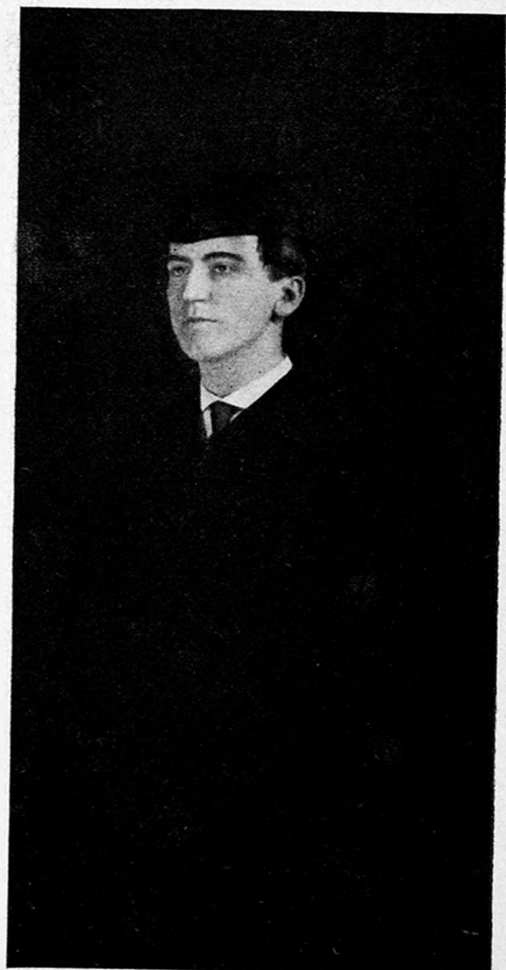
CECIL DWYER



BESS BRADFORD



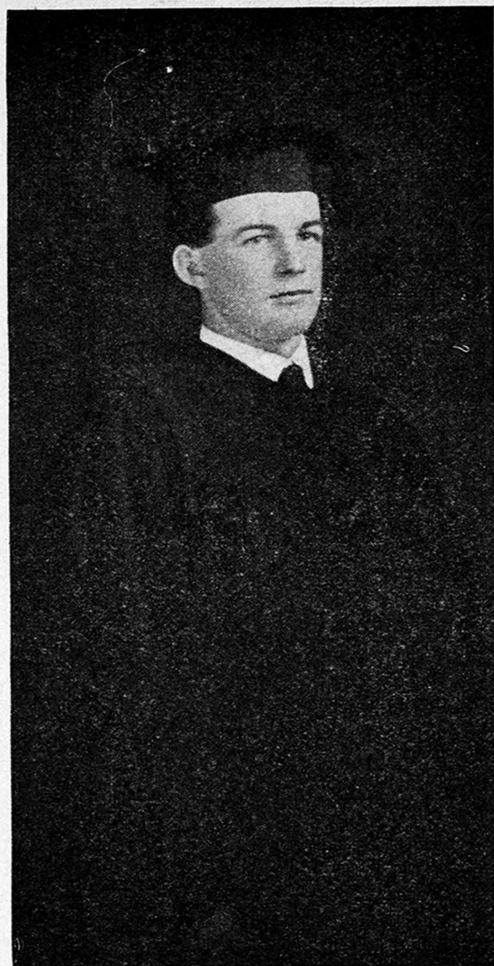
FRED GREENWOOD



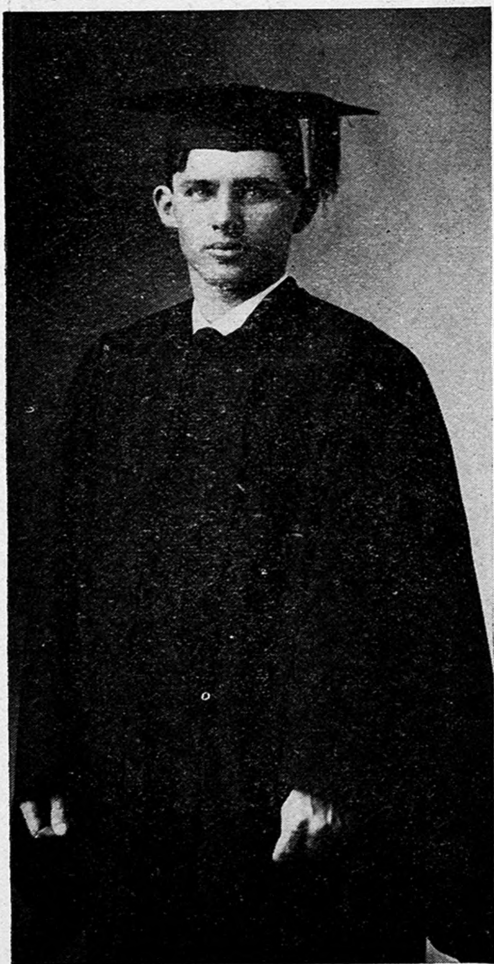
GEO. BEAVERS



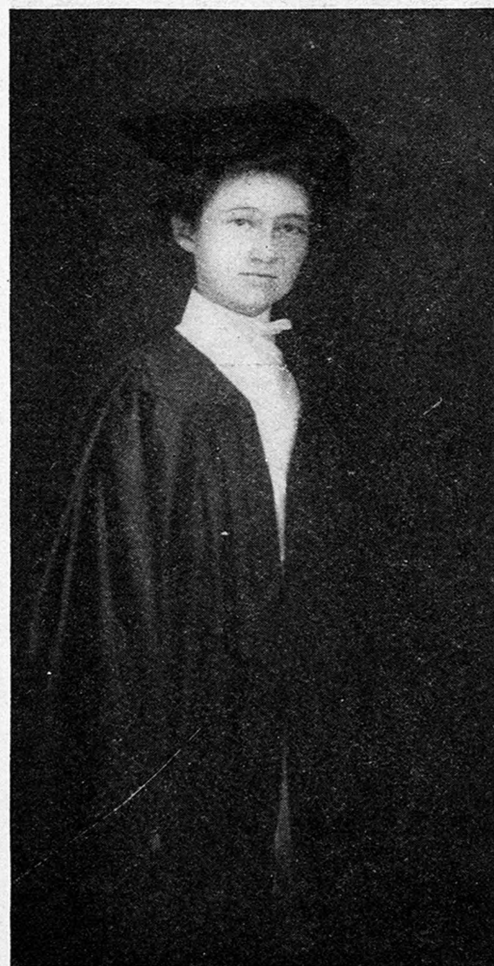
MARY RANKIN



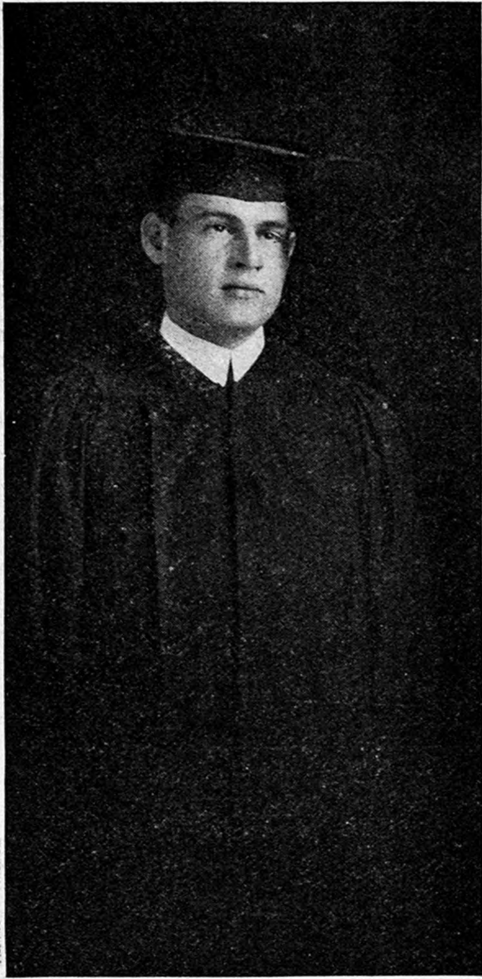
FRANK LEWIS



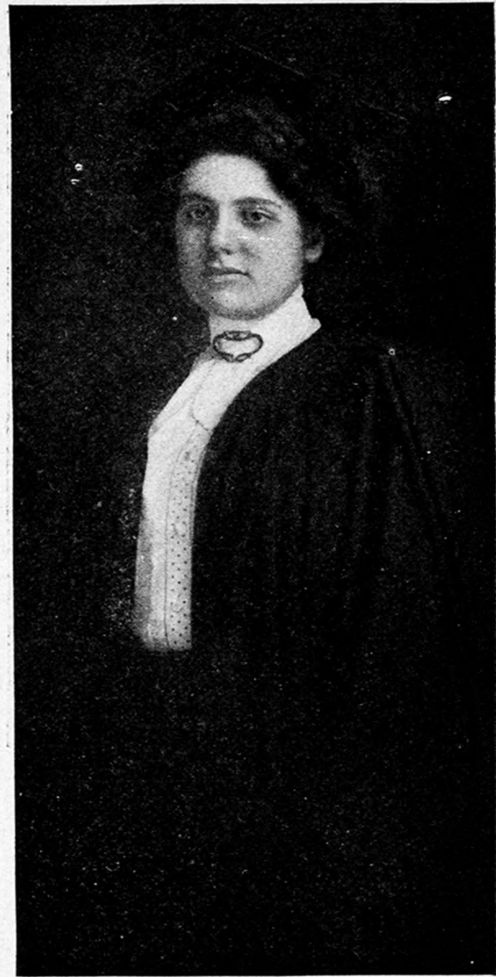
CHAS. FARMER



ALMEDA ANDREWS



GIL McLAREN



MARIE FREEZER

MORE OR LESS APPROPRIATE QUOTATIONS.

Almeda—"Would one think 'twere possible for love to make such ravage in a noble soul?"

Ida—"Black brows become some women best, so they be in a semi-circle or a half moon made with a pen."

Van—"Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright!"

Bess—"My true love hath my heart and I have his."

Mary—"Be not simply good, be good for something."

Charlie—"He who is great when he falls, is great in his prostration."

Faculty—"Eternal deities,
Who rule the world with absolute decrees,
And write whatever time shall bring to pass
With pens of adamant on plates of brass."

Florence—"Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve."

Berney—"All mankind loves a lover."

Edna—"Fie upon it. I have loved three whole days together."

Fred—"We will count our years when we have nothing else
to count."

Montana—"Rhymer, come on, and do the worst you can."

Frank—"He was always complaining because roses have thorns."

Gil—"Of manners gentle, of affections mild."

Ceciel—"Not as all other women are."

Marie—"Free without boldness; meek without a fear."

Beavers—"Needles and pins, needles and pins,
When a man's married, his trouble begins."

Jenny—"So innocently wild and free."

Alice—" 'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts."

* * *



ONE LITTLE, TWO LITTLE, THREE LITTLE SENIORS

SENIOR ALPHABET.

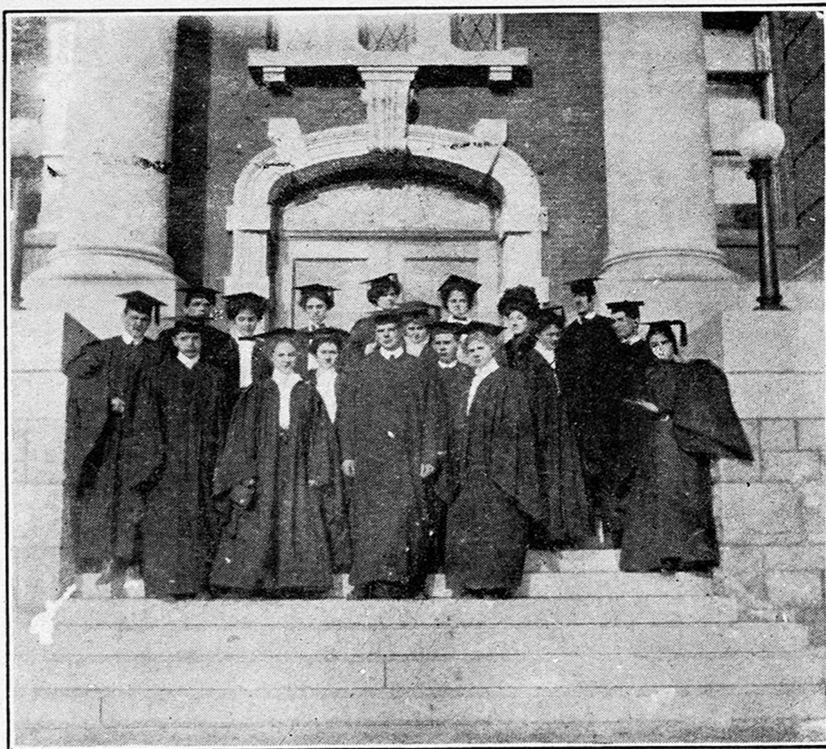
A's for Almeda, so small and so neat,
 B is for Bess, and you'll ne'er find her beat.
 C is for Ceciel, who isn't a crank,
 D is the Dickens she played with poor Frank.
 E is for Edna, whose hair is like gold,
 F is for Farmer, a youth over-bold.
 G is for Greenwood, for Gilbert as well,
 H is for Heaven and also for ———.
 I is for Ida, so cute and so dear.
 J is for Jenny, and Berney is near.
 K is for Kitt, lest you make a mistake,
 L is for Lewis, and he'll take the cake.
 M is for Montana, the girl and the state,
 N is for Noble, it fits us first rate.
 O is for Ornery Faculty, oh,
 P is for "Pinky," that's Marie you know.
 Q's that queer feeling we have in our hearts.
 R is for Rankin, a lady of parts.
 S is for Sleighride—no spooning you'll find (?)
 T is for Thieme, and she'll ne'er change her mind.
 U is for our University dear.
 V is for Van, and he's always right here.
 X, Y and Z and then Ampers And,
 And these the "unknowns" are our own married man."

* * *

"There once was a villian named Speer,
 Who said to the Seniors, "See here,
 You're too haughty by far,
 So I'll give you a jar,
 Now just watch your credits look queer."

* * *

*A lot of High Cut Shoes, for both men and women, who take to
 the tall timber for their vacation at Harker's Exclusive Shoe Store.*



OH, HERE WE ARE; OH, HERE WE ARE.

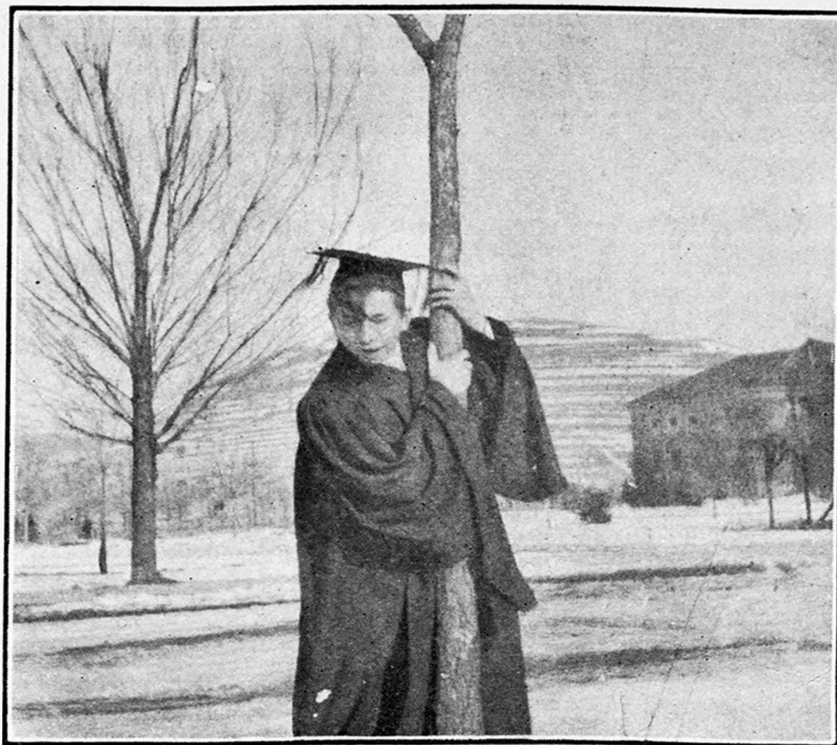
Oh, here we are; oh, here we are,
 The Faculty's piling up the score,
 The Seniors are so far behind
 There's no use in playing anymore.
 There's faith and hope in credit books,
 For Speer is going some—
 With a boola, boola, boola, boola,
 Boola, boola, boola, bum.

CHORUS

Let us shout our petition,
 Now and ever, for vacation,
 Oh, the Faculty's a daisy!
 Let's petition, then, to win!
 Rah, rah.

* * *

*Light and airy foot wear for the coming Hot season to be found
 at Harker's Exclusive Shoe Store.*



THE COLD GREY DAWN

Fred (In the Talk of the Town)—“A woman is only a woman, my boy. But a good cigar is—a sick-headache.”

* * *

“How’s Massey this morning?” one of the girls asked Maud.

“He’s alright.”

“Alright! I heard he had an auto accident yesterday and bursted his innertubing.”

* * *

Be chic, sweet maid, and let who will be pretty
Wear basket hats and tassels all day long.
And so make life for everyone behind you
One grand, sweet song.

* * *

IN CHILD STUDY.

Miss Buswell—“Our baby cries when mamma puts her hat on.”

Dr. Book—“Oh! it’s one of these new hats, is it?”



* * *

Mary was a little lamb,
With thoughts as white as snow,
And every where that Mary went,
Her dignity did go.

* * *

Dr. Book—"Why weren't you at Philosophy today?"

Alice—"I had a headache."

Dr. Book—"A very 'naive' explanation."

* * *

Beavers—"I don't think I'll come to the dance."

Berney—"Why?"

Beavers—"Because I'm married now."

* * *

Copeland—"Now, if there's anyone that knows more about this than I do——"

Van—"What did you want of me?"

* * *

Jen—"You'll have to wait a minute."

Bern—"Well, I don't mind."

Jen—"Well, you'd better."

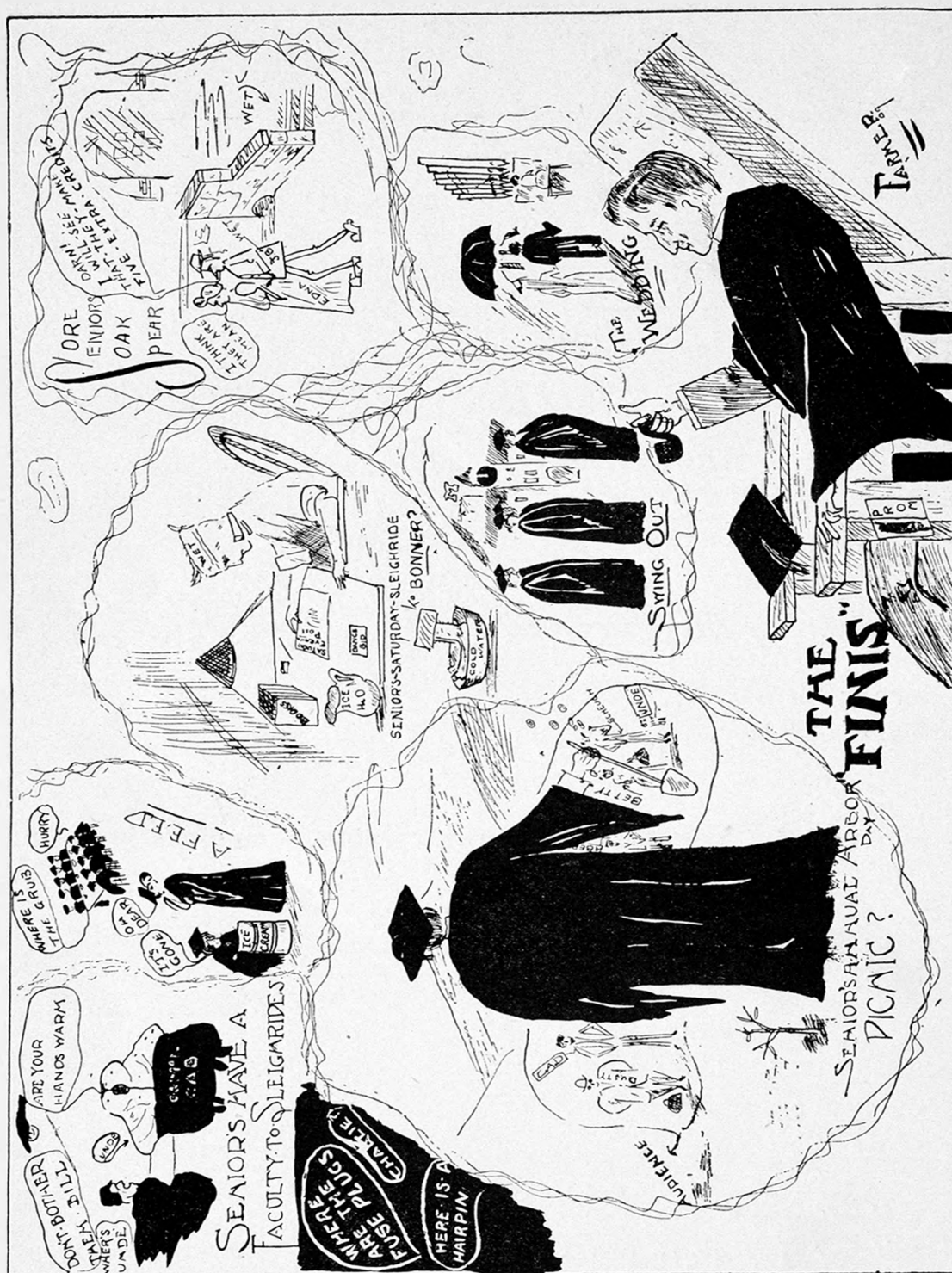
* * *

Voice—"Where are the poor old Seniors?"

Senior—"Trying to pay up their debts."

* * *

Colored Canvas Oxfords in welt soles at prices to suit you. Find them at Harker's Exclusive Shoe Store, also.



First Senior—"Has Edna a new fellow?"

Second Senior—"I haven't heard today."

* * *

"What do you think of these jokes, Alice?"

"They're essentially superficial."

* * *

Dr. Book (to Ida)—"Why did you miss Philosophy yesterday?"

Ida (absently)—"I won't tell."

* * *

"Oh, say, that fellow of Bessie's Pop——"

"What! Already?"

* * *

Prof.—"It's very healthy—sleeping outdoors."

Marie—"It's also damp."

* * *

*Artists' Materials, Artistic New Frames and Pictures—Simons',
312 Higgins Avenue.*

* * *

Almeda—"I broke my engagement with Charlie to come here! !"

* * *

Gil's Motto—"Better late than never."

* * *

Florence—"We haven't got a case."

* * *

Ceciel has such a Frank disposition.

* * *

See the latest College Posters at Simons', 312 Higgins Avenue.

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PHONE 270-BLACK



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Courtesy prevails throughout every department of this—the “most popular trading center” of Western Montana.



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Fourth—All clothes that we press are given a thorough dusting.

Fifth—We guarantee all our work.

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